

A Goat Hunt in Washington

By
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IT WAS a bright October morning, and the sun was rising over the toothills of the Cascades, spreading its glory over the beautiful Wenatchee lake, and the valleys leading to it. The vines, maples and alders in all the small canons were lothed in their gorgeous autumn colors, varying in hues from bright yellow to deep purple, and inlaid among the deep green of the pines and cedars, making a magnificent landscape. As we ascended the mountains we came upon a camp of Siwash Indians, and judging from the number of buck Indians with them it appeared certain that they would kill all the game in the hills, or drive it so far up to the summit of the mountains that a white man would not be able to get a shot. We made up our minds to go after the goats at the earliest moment, after reaching camp, which we intended to establish at a high elevation, because the mountain goat inhabits the least accessible solitudes.

The North Fork of the White River runs through the camp ground, making a narrow and deep canon of several hundred feet with the most exquisite scenery, consisting of waterfalls dashing over the cliffs, and through a small meadow of stream grass and rushes. Looking up through the canon we could see the glacier peaks from the foot of which springs the White river.

Our guides, Bill and John, began gathering wood for the night, and preparing supper, while Neil, Ross, and myself, attended to the erection of the tents, and a general investigation of our surroundings. Ross and I climbed up a dizzy summit that hid our camp from the main hill, to see if we could discern any game. On reaching the top of the cliff we did not see the sign of a goat, but stood scanning the hills for half an hour.

Presently we saw a white spot leap across a narrow opening between two clumps of bushes, about half a mile from us, and well up on the range to our right. Then we saw another, and still another, and then the fourth goat. While we were watching these, a herd of eight goats passed the opening, and made their way leisurely down to a slide, where they stopped and began feeding. We saw that it was up to us to plan our strategy to gain a position above them where we could begin operations.

The mountain goat is extremely cautious and observing, and when pursued will never go down hill unless when wounded, when they will often hide in a clump of bushes, or in the crevices of rocks, rather than expose themselves to punishment.

I have often watched a goat try several times to get from one cliff to another, that were separated by a small chasm, which it could easily leap across, but rather than take a chance, it would walk for half a mile out of its way so as to reach the other side in safety. When hard pressed by hunters it will, of course, take leaps that it would not otherwise do in its moments of leisure. A goat, when pursued, will climb along shelves of rock on the walls of precipices, with apparent unconcern, walking in places that would completely shatter the nerves of any one who attempted to follow it.

We had breakfast about four o'clock the next morning, and packed our lunches, loaded up with ammunition, arranged our gunnysacks and ropes on our pack straps, and started for the hills. We agreed that myself, with Bill, the guide, should work our way among the crags on the other side of the sheep and secure an advantageous position above them, while Ross, Neil and John should get below them and drive them up past the position I would occupy. Bill and I climbed to an almost inaccessible position among the crags, overlooking the canon, where we could see both the herd and our companions.

With John leading the way and Ross and Neil following, they made a detour and got below the goats, and here they began to shout. The herd of five broke up into two sections, two of the animals heading for the canon that I commanded, and the other three broke off in a westerly direction, heading for a thicket of alder and willow, which offered them for the time being complete security.

At this moment Bill, the guide, with Ross, made a bee line for the thicket the sheep were heading for, in the hope of intercepting them, while Neil fired his gun at the two sheep that were rapidly approaching my position. The animals were soon within range and, of course had no suspicion that I was located right above them. Taking careful aim, I singled out the leading goat and fired. I knocked him down and he fell on his side, kicking furiously. The other goat was wounded by Neil, who was in hot pursuit, and after falling to the ground, got on its feet again, and kept on heading for the top of the canon. Signalling to Neil to go after the goat that was lying on the ground, I took another shot at my quarry and succeeded in keeping him over. As soon as Neil got up to the goat I had disabled, he put a bullet through its head, killing the animal completely. It required three more shots from my rifle to kill the hardy animal that was working its way into safety. I signalled to Neil to go back and rejoin Ross and the



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guide and drive the other three goats up the canon. Ross joined Neil and Bill on the edge of the thicket and together they began to climb a small ridge in front of them.

"By Jove," said Bill, "those fellows are going right into a goat if they don't look out, and none of them seem to see him out."

Bang! Bang! Crack! Ping!

"Now they've done it," said Bill. "Look at him go; the rocks are full of them. Great Heavens! what a mess they have stirred up. Even that goat is going; they have only crippled him. Now, look at him hiding behind that rock."

"Yes," said I, "but Ross sees him; he has a head on him now. Bang! He has got him."

Ross laid down his gun, took out his knife and, on reaching the goat, attempted to take hold of a horn to lift up Mr. Goat's head and bleed him, when his quarry made a leap off the rock they were on and bounded around the other side of the cliff as though he had just woken up.

"Haven't those blamed fools got that goat killed yet?" said Bill. "Look at him go; he'll get away sure."

The goat was making across the slide where we had seen them the night before and was headed for a thick patch of timber.

Bang! Bang!

"Well, they've got him down again," said I. "I guess they have got him this time, so we might as well go back to camp."

"Well, don't be in a hurry," said Bill. "We're not sure yet. Where are they now? Where is the goat? That's what's bothering me."

"By Jingo," said I; "there he is, heading this way."

We were so excited at the prospect of the others losing the goat that under a simultaneous impulse we both climbed down the precipice into the canon below, and headed for the clump of brush into which we had seen the goat disappear. Here is where our troubles began, for we had to try our hand at climbing up a steep rock slide for nearly half a mile. We

ran for about 20 rods and then went into a maple clump that was nearly as bad as the alder and willow brush we had crawled through early in the morning. Neil lost his hat. Then a limb of a tree sprang back and struck my forehead, knocking me into a woodchuck's den. When I came to there was Mr. Goat sitting a few yards from me, chattering as if I had plundered his orchard. I took out my Colt revolver and settled his hash, as I thought. At the crack of the weapon

Neil came hurriedly up to see what was happening, and fell off a log he was climbing over, and skinned his elbow on a rock. In the meantime the goat hopped up the mountainside and lay down upon a ledge of rock about 200 yards above us. The way we went up that rock slide on all fours would surprise a Siwash. We got up within about 25 yards of the rock and Mr. Goat stuck his head over the ledge as much as to ask where we came from.

"Shoot him," yelled Neil.

"Shoot nothing," said I, "I can't shoot a flock of balloons—shoot him at him go; he'll get away sure."

At this the goat thought it was his move and hopped off the rock, passing Neil within about six feet. Neil grabbed a handful of wool and lost his hold. He then made another lunge and stubbed his foot and fell flat, and as he fell chance to grab the goat's hind leg. He was dragged for about 20 feet, yelling for help at the top of his voice. Finally the goat fell down and Neil got up, still hanging on to the leg. He managed to get his revolver out, but the goat kicked and floundered so that he could not handle both.

By this time I had got to him and he gave me the goat's leg to hold, and then stepped in front of the goat to get a shot at his head. Mr. Goat did not approve of that and made a lunge sideways that upset me and I was dragged about 15 feet. When I managed to get right side up I found that the goat had wedged himself between two rocks and had to stop. Here is where we killed him at last.

The Millionaire and The Boy

The other day, when the elevator service in the Standard Oil building, at 26 Broadway, New York, gave out, the newspapers had considerable amusement over the fact that the millionaire tenants of that building had to walk from two to fourteen flights of stairs to get to their offices. In this connection an amusing story is told about Henry M. Flagler, one of the oldest of the Standard Oil pioneers. While approaching the age of 81, he is strong and stalwart, paying regular attention to his large business interests, both in New York and in Florida. His office is on the twelfth floor of the Standard Oil building, and it was thought that he would not care to do what many a younger man would shrink from, and so a porter was sent to meet him at the door and advise him to establish his office temporarily on a lower floor, as the elevators were out of service. While the porter was hastening on this mission, Mr. Flagler was gayly climbing the stairs and shortly appeared on the twelfth floor as unconcerned as ever. W. H. Beardsley, Mr. Flagler's right-hand man, tells an interesting story about a messenger boy who was to have delivered a message to Mr. Flagler, but who declined to climb twelve flights of stairs to do so. "How old is the boy?" asked Mr. Beardsley. "Sixteen," was the reply. "Well," said Mr. Beardsley, "you can tell that boy that a fine old gentleman approaching his eighty-first birthday has just climbed the twelve flights of stairs without turning a hair." Turning to Mr. Flagler, Mr. Beardsley remarked: "You have taken the conceit out of a good many today. So much for good habits and right living. —Leslie's.

A Lost Homer

"I always thought a homing pigeon would go straight home," said a man who kept his country house open for the winter weekends. "But I was up at my place a while ago and the gardener told me about a curious exception to the rule. He was out in the barn one day when he flew a pigeon through the open door. After it had flown from one post to another, he approached it gently and caught it. Then the bird was seen to be a homing, with a gilt band on one leg and two silver ones on the other. As it was toward night, the gardener thought it would be only humane to take it indoors and release it the next day after breakfast. But in the morning

the pigeon flew back to the barn, then to a neighboring roof, and finally back to the barn for the night. That homing hung around the place ten days, and then he flew off, never to be seen again. The only way I can account for it is that he lost his bearings and stayed by us until he found them—or thought he did."

The Real Reason.

"Can you tell me, my boy," said the prim teacher, "why the race is not always to the swift?"

"Yes'm," said the little boy, promptly. "It's because sometimes their tires bust." —Baltimore American.

SOME KITCHEN HINTS

WORTH BEING POSTED WHERE THEY CAN BE SEEN.

Some Directions That Are Household Words, and Some That Set Forth Ideas That Are New and Valuable.

Here are a few rules that it would be well to cut out and paste up in your kitchen. They are hints about affairs of that very important region of the home:

1. Wash a saucepan in plenty of hot water; but never wash cake tins or frying pans. Wipe them well with a piece of paper, which is afterward burned, and polish them with a dry cloth.

2. Stand saucepan, fish kettles, etc., in front of the fire for a few minutes after washing them so that they may be thoroughly dried inside. This makes them last longer and helps to keep them in good condition.

3. Pudding cloths, jelly bags and so on should be well washed, scalded and hung up to dry. It is not necessary to iron them, but they should be smoothed and folded before they are replaced in the drawer.

4. Add a little soda to the water in which you wash plates and dishes. The soda loosens the grease on them and gives the china a good shiny surface.

5. Never add soda to the water in which you wash silver. Use a wooden tub, with plenty of hot water and soap, and dry the articles with a soft cloth. If silver is carefully washed and dried, once a week will be found often enough to clean it with powder and a leather. Silver should be kept in a baize lined drawer or basket, for if it is laid on hardwood it is apt to be scattered.

6. Never put the handles of knives into hot water or they will split. If a knife has been used for cutting onions or any other strong-scented vegetable dig the blade of it once or twice into garden mold to remove the smell before it is washed.

7. If a pan is burned or blackened rub the inside of it with a hard crust of bread dipped in salt and afterward wash it with hot soda and water.

8. Be very careful to keep the lids of saucepans clean, for the flavor of one dish may cling to a lid which has not been washed and spoil a second dish which is prepared in the same pan.

9. After washing up wipe out the dish tub and allow it to stand by the fire till it is dry. The dish tub should be scrubbed with boiling water and soap at least once a week.

MCLEAN IS SKATING CHAMPION



Edward McLean.

Edward McLean, seventeen years old, is the western skating champion in the one-quarter-mile and one-mile indoor events as a result of victories in the western indoor championship events now being held here. McLean is a Chicago product. The one-mile junior indoor championship went to Archie Millot of Milwaukee, while the women's half-mile event was won by Miss Margaret Fogarty of Chicago.

HARRY WOLTER IS LIVE ONE

Former Boston Pitcher Was Discouraged Until Hal Chase Put Him in Highlanders' Outfield.

"What's the matter with Henry Wolter?" said the Boston fans two seasons ago when he was with the Red Sox club. "Looks as though he would



Harry Wolter.

be a good one to have in there. He is fast and looks to be a good hitter."

Wolter had been pitching a great deal that season, then he covered first base for a while and followed that job up with one in the outfield. He proved a big league player in the three positions. He pitched good ball, but was greater with the hickory, which accomplishment resulted in placing him as a fielder. But a fickle manager later put him on the bench.

It was not long before the Boston club asked for waivers on him and Hal Chase, who had watched the player for a long time in California and understood him better, went to Frank Farrell and told him that he could get a corking good ball player for the waiver price.

"I have reference to Harry Wolter," said Chase. "Go and grab him and have him to understand that he will be signed up as an outfielder. It will give him a new lease of baseball life. Wolter has been worried about being shifted about and if he is told that he is going to play the outfield and nothing else I think he will make a good man for our club."

Farrell lost no time and got the player for the waiver price. Wolter reported at Athens last spring and the first thing he did before putting on his uniform was to call the manager over and ask him what the club had signed him to play. When told that he was to be an outfielder and nothing else the player was happy. It was not long before it was discovered that he was the player who would succeed Willie Keeler as the club's left fielder. But some of the sharps didn't like him and he foiled them by making good.

He was fast, could hit, despite rumors that he would not be a member of the Yankee team, he kept a-going. Later he was rewarded with the job he had sought and it was a good

piece of news news for Wolter. It made a fine ball player of him. Wolter, grateful as he always is, volunteered to play first base in case of injuries to the regular man.

Baseball has sure a lane of many turns. Being switched around had Wolter so that he was thinking of giving up the game. But Chase was quick to see him as an outfields. Wolter has said that there is no place in the country like New York to play ball and will be striving to hold down the position next season harder than ever.

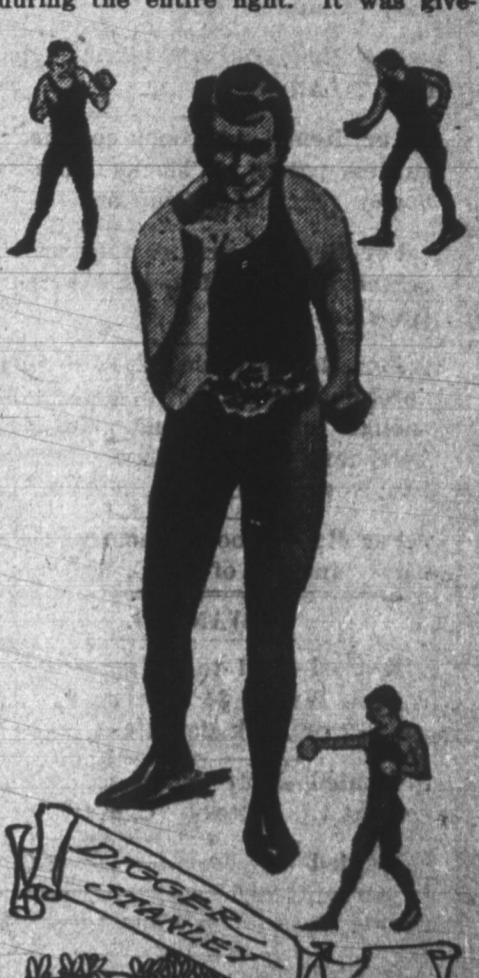
The Yankee proved himself a good hitter, base runner and a game ball player. He is in there every day and will not get out of the game until he is counted out.

ENGLISH FIGHTER IS CLEVER

Digger Stanley and Frankie Burns Fight One of Best Battles Ever Seen in This Country.

In the greatest boxing bout ever seen in this country between two little men, Frankie Burns, the aspirant for the bantamweight championship honors of the world, finished out an excellent draw with Digger Stanley, the English champion, in a ten-round session at the National Sporting club in New York the other night. It was an aggressive, slam-bang affair, interspersed with fast, clever boxing.

From the first round to the last there was not a dull or slow minute during the entire fight. It was give-



and-take with the honors rushing back and forth with the lightning-like rapidity of a shuttle in a machine. First Stanley would gain an advantage, then Burns would make a rally and even up the score. So they fought the ten rounds, the fortunes of each hanging on a punch.